

America

(My Country, 'Tis of Thee)

WORDS: Samuel F. Smith, 1832

(for Bass)

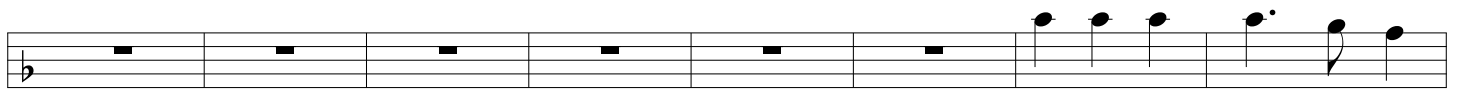
MUSIC: Thesaurus Musicus, 1744



My coun-try, 'tis of thee, sweet land of lib - er - ty, of thee I sing; land where my



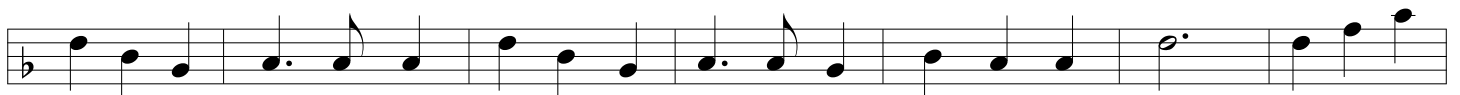
8 fa - thers died, land of the pil - grim's pride, from ev - ery — moun - tain - side let — free - dom ring.



15 I love thy rocks and rills,



23 thy woods and tem - pled hills; my heart with rap - ture thrills, like — that a - bove.



29 Let mu - sic swell the breeze, and ring from all the trees, sweet free - dom's song; let mor - tal



36 tongues a - wake; let all that breathe par - take; let rocks their si - lence break, the — sound pro - long.



43 Our fa - thers' God, to thee, au - thor of lib - er - ty, to thee we sing; long may our land be bright



51 with free - dom's ho - ly light; pro - tect us by thy might, Great — God our God our King.